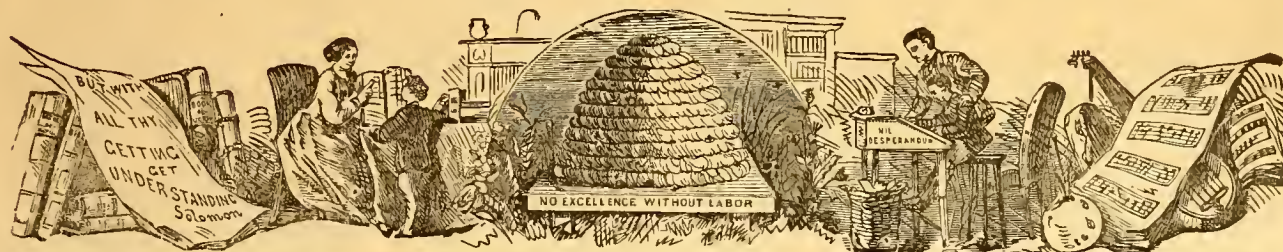


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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NO. 3.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

ONE of the main objects of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is to inform our youth in relation to the things by which we | mode of self preservation and curiosities of structure, and to trace the connection between the vegetable and animal organiza-



are surrounded in the natural world, of which we form a part. It is part of its purpose to show the adaptation of the various creatures to the positions they occupy in creation, their habits,

tions and man, who is placed as the head of all.

In a work called "Nature's Teachings," by a Mr. Wood, there are many things which have been noticed in our columns, and

in many instances illustrated. The author shows that there is scarcely a principle or part in architecture that has not its natural parallel in the lower creations. Walls, floors, towers, doors and hinges, porches, eaves and windows; thatch, slates and tiles, girders, ties and buttresses, bridges, dams, the pyramid, and even mortar, paint, and varnish, are all there. The Eskimo snow-house is an exact copy of the dwellings the seal builds for her tender young; the wasp's nest is composed of several stories supported on numerous pillars. The well known instance of the building of the Crystal Palace on a "new principle," by Sir Joseph Paxton, is one of the many cases where man has confessedly copied nature in art; for that beautiful structure of iron and glass is simply an adaptation of the frame-work of the enormous leaves of the Victoria regia plant. The present Eddystone lighthouse, which has so long withstood the force of the waves, was constructed in 1760 by Smeaton, on an entirely new idea, the model being taken from a tree trunk, and the stones of which it was built being strengthened by being dovetailed into one another, as is the case with the sutures of the skull.

The study of the eye of man, as well as of birds, quadrupeds and insects, has shown how the most beautiful and gradually improved inventions, such as the telescope, microscope, stereoscope, etc., had already been perfected in nature for ages. In the arts of peace, we may look to the animal world for the most perfect specimens of tools for digging, cutting, or boring. No spade is equal to the foot of the mole; and our hammers and pincers look clumsy indeed beside the wood-pecker's beak or the lobster's claw. Moreover, the dwellings in the construction of which such tools are employed, are models of beauty and ingenuity. Symmetrically shaped pottery, made of moulded mud or clay, is found in nature in the form of birds' and insects' nests: in the jaws of the skate is found the crushing-mill, and in the tooth of the elephant the grindstone. In the ichneumon fly and the grasshopper was perfected from the first the modern agricultural improvement on the hand-dibble, the seed-drill. It is only of late years that the use of the teasel has been superseded by machinery; and brushes and combs, buttons, hooks, eyes, stoppers, filters, etc., are all found in Nature. The principle of the diving-bell and air-tube exists in varieties of insects; birds make beds and hammocks, and even sew, and the bower-bird emulates us in the construction of ornamental bowers and gardens. Graceful fans exist in plants and insects, cisterns in the traveler's tree and the camel's stomach, and natural examples of the balloon and parachute. In other varieties of art, nature has stolen a march on man; certain insects make paper of different textures; the art known as "nature-printing" was anticipated in the coal measures. Star-stripping, as now used in engraving, to produce extra softness of effect, exists in utmost perfection in every flower petal. The caddis-worm, common in all our fresh waters, constructs for itself a circular window-grating which admits the water and yet protects the pupa from injury, an apparatus exactly like the wheel-windows of a Gothic building. There is a bird in South Africa, the sociable weaver bird, which may be looked upon as a dweller in cities, each pair, up to the number of perhaps three hundred, building its own nest; while the whole community unite to form a common roof or covering of thatch made from a coarse kind of grass, to protect their habitations from the heavy tropical rains. The Driver-Ants, also found in Africa, are so sensitive to the fierce heat of the sun, that when on their march and obliged to cross open ground, they construct as they go on, a light gallery, which looks very much like the lining of a tunnel, stripped of the surrounding earth; (see illustration), and if they come to

thick grass which makes a shelter for them, they take advantage of it, and only resume the tunnel when they emerge on the other side. They are called Driver Ants because they drive before them every living creature. There is not an animal that can withstand the Driver Ants. In their march they carry destruction before them, and every beast knows instinctively that it must not cross their track. They have been known to destroy even the agile monkey, when the swarming host had once made a lodgment on its body, and when they enter a pig-sty, they soon kill the imprisoned inhabitants, whose tough hides cannot shield them from the Driver Ants. Fowls they destroy in numbers, killing in a single night all the inhabitants of a hen roost, and, having destroyed them, have a curious method of devouring them.

The Rev. Dr. Savage, who has experimented upon these formidable insects, killed a fowl and gave it to the ants. At first they did not seem to pay much attention to it, but he soon found that they were in reality making their preparations. Large parties of the insects were detached for the purpose of preparing a road, and worked with an assiduity which seems to be a characteristic of these energetic insects. Numbers of them were employed in smoothing the road to the nest by removing every obstacle out of the way, until, by degrees, a tolerably level road was obtained. They are possessed of strength which seems gigantic, when compared with their size, carrying away sticks four or five times as large as themselves, and never failing to pounce upon any grub or insect that may happen to be lurking beneath their shelter.

Meanwhile the other ants were busy with the fowl. Beginning at the base of the beak, they contrived to pull out the feathers one by one, until they stripped it regularly backward, working over the head, along the neck, and so on to the body. In the illustration a column of Driver Ants is shown on the march. The vanguard of the column has crossed the stream by means of the living ladder, which is seen suspended from a branch, and extended across the water. The fragile tube which they build is also shown, and a few of the larger architects are drawn of the natural size.

Not less wonderful than any of these are the trap-door spiders. In making their nests they begin by sinking a shaft in the ground; it is then lined with a silken web, and closed by a circular door, which can scarcely be distinguished from the moss and lichens which grow around. The hinges are most exactly fitted, and the spider has an extraordinary power of closing his door from the inside, and resisting all intrusion. It is curious that as we advance in the scale of creation these wonderful dwellings cease. Strange to say, the creature which roams at will through the forest, and has no settled resting-place, is higher in the scale of life—according to the recognized scheme of naturalists—than the animal that is mechanically capable of constructing the most perfect abode!

Mr. Wood then shows that the "fairy tales of science are more full of grace and poetry than the old tales of fairy-land." To which we would add they are more fascinating, as well as more instructive.

What can be more beautiful than the little verella, a sea-creature like a circular raft, with an upright membrane answering to a sail; "semi-transparent, and radiant in many rainbow-tinted colors." What more grotesque than the archer-fish, which possesses the curious power of feeding itself by shooting drops of water at flies, and very seldom failing to secure its prey; or the angler-fish, which is endowed by nature with a rod and bait ready adjusted. This remarkable creature has an enormous mouth; on the top of its head are certain prolonged cane-like filaments, beautifully set in a ring and staple joint, so

as to turn every way; and at the end of these singular appendages is a little piece of flesh, which, when waved about, looks like a worm, and attracts the fish, which is then engulfed in the huge jaws of this natural angler.

Many interesting forms come to us from the water-world, suggestive of rafts, boats, oars and anchors. An insect called the water boatman is itself both boat and oars, besides being its own passenger; the legs with which it rows are fashioned in most exact resemblance to the blade of an oar; or we should rather say that the blade of an oar resembles the leg of this water-boatman. The fragile creature, the Portuguese man-of-war, which traverses the surface of the ocean like a bubble, and can at pleasure distend itself with air and float, or discharge the air and sink, shows us the principle of the life-dress in which Captain Boynton made his daring passage across the English Channel. Cables, too, we have in plenty; the pinna, a kind of mussel, anchors itself to some rock or stone with a number of silk-like threads spun by itself; and the water-snail moors itself, perhaps to a water-lily leaf, by means of a gelatinous thread, slight, almost invisible, yet very strong, which it can elongate at pleasure. In connection with this there is a very curious account of a spider, which shows a marvelous power of adaptation. Its wheel-like net was in danger from a high wind. The spider descended to the ground, a depth of about seven feet, and instead of attaching its thread to a stone or plant, fastened it to a piece of loose stick, hauled it up a few feet clear of the ground, and then went back to its web. The piece of stick thus suspended, acted in a most admirable manner, giving strength and support, and at the same time yielding partly to the wind. By accident the thread became broken, and the stick, which was about as thick as an ordinary pencil, and not quite three inches in length, fell to the ground. The spider immediately descended, attached another thread, and hauled it up as before. In a day or two, when the tempestuous weather had ceased, the spider voluntarily cut the thread and allowed the then useless stick to drop. The plan here adopted by the spider is frequently followed by fishermen, who, during stormy weather at sea, ride out the gale by attaching the boat to the yielding nets.

It is natural to expect that in the art of war and self-defense nature should show us an infinite variety; and man has not been slow in using his powers to adapt the same principle to his own use. If man has armed himself with spears or daggers, if he has dug pitfalls or set traps in hunting, his most deadly contrivances are but feeble adaptations of the weapons, offensive and defensive, with which nature has endowed her offspring. We are prepared to find the serpent's fang a terrible instrument; and we are not surprised that the piercing apparatus and sheaths of gnats and fleas, or the lancets of mosquitoes when magnified, are dangerous and bloodthirsty; but it is curious to find how many of these deadly weapons belong to the vegetable world. The sword-grass has a notched blade, which, when magnified, is almost exactly the same as the shark-tooth sword of Mangaia. There are nettles whose sting is sufficiently venomous to cause violent inflammation, cramp, and even death; and it is well known that some of the most graceful plants, such as Venus' fly-trap, which is common in the Carolinas, and the drosera, or sundew, one of the British plants, are in fact nothing but skillful traps to catch and digest unwary insects.

Some of the most curious of natural defenses are those which simulate some form quite different from the true character of the creature. The caterpillar to seem a twig, or a

moth to look exactly like a withered leaf. The spider-crab might be taken for a moving mass of zoophytes and corallines, so thickly is its shell covered with extraneous growths. The leaf-insects are so exactly like leaves that the most experienced eye can scarcely distinguish them from the leaves among which they are placed. We must all have noticed other instances in which the colors of insects, and also the plumage of birds, harmonize in a wonderful way with the scenes in the midst of which they are placed. What a freak of nature, for instance, are the aphides, the milk-cows of a species of ant; or the tailor-bird, which sews leaves together by the edges, and makes its nest inside them! It is sufficiently strange, too, to remember that the elaborate process of paper-making was carried on by the wasps ages before it was known to the Chinese.

Nature has known how to turn this as well as her other powers to her own use. She has her living galvanic batteries, such as the torpedo and the electric eel, both of which secure their prey by paralyzing it with their electric discharges. And the light of the glow-worm and that of the fire-fly, though hitherto it has been a puzzle to naturalists, may, there is little doubt, be referred to animal electricity.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

DO all the boys and girls who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR understand what the fourth commandment is? For the benefit of those unacquainted with it, I will quote from Exodus xx. chap., 8, 9, 10 and 11th verses:

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

To strictly adhere to the above we should neither work nor play on the Sabbath day. And yet how many there are who disregard and violate this commandment! In the summer time some go shooting, fishing and playing ball. In the winter many may be found skating sleigh-riding, etc. How very displeasing this is in the sight of the Lord!

The fourth commandment is one of the ten commandments, which were written on two tablets of stone, by the hand of the Lord, upon Mount Sinai, and given to Moses, to be observed by the children of Israel. If our readers will turn to the xv. chapter of Numbers, and read from the 32nd to the 36th verses, inclusive, they will there find out what punishment was inflicted on a man for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. It is true we do not have such strict laws to-day as were in the days of Moses, but still these commandments are just as valid now as they were when the Lord wrote them upon Mount Sinai.

On the Sabbath day we have no right to work or play or do anything unnecessarily. It is our duty on that holy day to reverence it by attending Sunday school and afternoon and evening meetings, and if we have any leisure time besides doing this, let us employ it in reading the Bible or any of our Church works. It may be thought that this is a little too religious, but I would say let us live as near this as we can, and the Lord will bless us, and we will feel happy in so doing.

Children, let us strive to do all we have to do in six days, but on the seventh, keep it holy, and break not the fourth commandment.

R. A.

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued.)

KURNAUL is situated on a plain, which, at a former period, must have been a flourishing station. At the time of our visit there were only a few Christian families in the place. The bungalows were without tenants, dilapidated and crumbling down. The church was also in a ruinous state. The many gardens and orchards were neglected, and, upon the whole, Kurnaul had a forsaken and deserted appearance.

From this point, when the weather was clear, we could see the range of the Himalaya mountains. It was our intention to proceed to Umbalah, but we were informed there were then only a few white families there, and they were scattered over the entire district. Elder Willes had also visited the stations above, and was utterly rejected by those in authority. We concluded to go to the city of Agra. We tarried a week at Kurnaul, during which time Mr. Maddock treated us kindly. He would have us ride out with him to visit the deserted cantonments, the suburbs of the city and the Jumna canal.

Mr. Maddock, being the postmaster and the government agent for the bullock wagons, gave us a free passage to Agra. On our way the wagons had to call at the Delhi post office, where we laid over for two days, during which time we again became the guests of Mr. McNally. Mr. Maddock came on to Delhi, found where we were staying, and, being a thorough oriental linguist, took us to several places of note that we had not visited before. While in the Jumna Mu-jid a Mohammedan mother came to get a name for her infant child. The functionary of the mosque asked the woman the sex of the child, and the precise time of birth. He then consulted a book of Arabic tables and gave the mother a name for her child. The woman, not being quite able to furnish the fees demanded by the priest for his services, received from him a severe rebuke.

Just before leaving for Agra the *Delhi Gazette*, a newspaper published in Delhi, contained an article about us. We called upon the editors, who began an attack upon us and our doctrines. While the controversy was going on the Rev. Mr. Jennings, already alluded to, came in. He soon became mixed up in the debate. The editors were glad to haul off, leaving our friend Mr. Jennings alone. As he was not in his own house this time, we gave him some very good counsel and advice, which he did not relish very well. The clergyman very soon took his hat and bowed out. Mr. Wilby, the chief editor, gave us a few papers containing the article referred to, and five rupees to help us on our way.

We left Delhi post office in the evening, and the next day at noon arrived at Secundrabad. We called upon Mr. McLanders, who appeared glad to see us, and had his servant prepare us "tiffin," which was very acceptable to us. We continued our journey to Allyghur, where we halted for two hours, after which two wagons were made ready for Agra. There being no freight, we had the wagon to ourselves. The distance from Allyghur to Agra is fifty miles, which distance we made in twenty hours. We crossed the river Jumna on a pontoon bridge, and arrived at the Agra post office at noon. We had a letter of introduction to a gentleman by the name of Fisher. We obtained the assistance of a cooly, and soon reached his residence. We found him to be an American, from

Massachusetts. He received us very kindly. When dinner was prepared his wife and daughter, which comprised his family, made their appearance, and we were introduced to them. We lost no time in moving about to get acquainted, so we first called upon Mr. Gibbon, who was the proprietor of a newspaper. He received us very warmly, and introduced us to the editor, Mr. Spankie. They appeared anxious to have us hold forth in Agra, and advised us to visit a Mr. Newton, who had an empty house in the civil lines (outside of cantonments), which would be suitable for the people to meet in. We visited the gentleman referred to, who did not appear very anxious to rent for that purpose, as he was about to put the place through a thorough repair. We next visited a Mr. Carter, who had charge of a building that was used as a school house for the native children. Mr. Carter was willing for us to use the building; but upon visiting it, we found it too small, without a floor and the doors and "tattas" were gone. We returned to Mr. Fisher, having had a walk of nine miles before we had our breakfast. We found the bungalows to be very much scattered, the civil and military lines occupying a vast extent of country. Mr. Fisher owned a suitable unoccupied bungalow in the cantonments, which he kindly offered to us, providing the commanding officer would give us permission to use it. This being the 24th of December, we waited until Christmas was over and then took another ramble over a portion of Agra to hunt the residence of Mr. Siddons, the captain major of the brigade, who, we were informed, was the most likely man to inform us who the commander was. After considerable difficulty in our awkward way of mixing English and Hindoostanee, in the shape of questions to the natives, we came to the residence of the above-mentioned military dignitary. We passed a "chit" into the bungalow by the servant, who soon returned, ordering us away in Hindoostanee. We had traveled too far and passed through too much in India and other lands to be got rid of in this way. Elder Woolley wrote on a slip of paper for Major Siddons to give us the name of the commander of the station. The servant very reluctantly took it into the bungalow and again returned, ordering us away and making signs to carry his orders into execution. Elder Woolley raised his umbrella and brought it down on the native's head asking him if he knew who he was talking to. This, being seen by the officers inside through the glass and bamboo wicker-work doors, brought out Major Siddons, whose countenance was flushed with rage. He accosted us very abruptly, and asked our business. We enquired of him who was the commander of the station, and where he lived. He replied that Brigadier Salter, C. B., was the commander, and that he lived with him. We then stated that we had a little business with him. He went and brought the commander to the door, who asked us what we wanted of him. We briefly stated who we were and what our business was in Agra. After consulting aside with Major Siddons, he stated that Major Siddons would let us know what to do, and told us to trouble him no more. Major Siddons then informed us that we must succumb to all cantonment regulations, and let him know by letter what house we intended to occupy. We returned to our friend Mr. Fisher, who gave us the number of the bungalow. We wrote to Mr. Siddons, informing him what the number was, after which we received the following communication from him:

"I am instructed by Brigadier Salter, C. B., commander at Agra station, to inform you that with the security of Mr. Fisher we will permit you to reside in cantonments at No. 20. At the same time, the above is not to be turned into a con-

venticle, or place for holding meeting. There being some twenty-six different sects in Agra, each of whom would have a claim to the same privileges which might be accorded to you, Brigadier Salter is averse to sanctioning meeting houses in military cantonments."

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

JOSEPH was much beloved by the Saints. It was a different feeling to that entertained by children for a parent, or by husbands and wives for each other. It was love and veneration combined. We understand the feeling better than we can describe it. It was not a disposition to worship him, yet it was probably as much akin to that as could be felt for mortal man and not be sinful. To us he always looked angelic, and to the eyes of the majority, probably, he appeared similar. You can understand, therefore, children why the brethren were so glad to see him. They hugged and kissed him, and cried with joy. It was a great relief to them to find him alive and well. They had been anxious about his safety; for they knew if his enemies should succeed in running him off to Missouri, what his fate would be could the mobbers of that State have their way. But now they saw him, and they were with him to defend him. If he had to die, it would be a pleasure to die defending him. There was no necessity, however, for this. Reynolds and Wilson would have been pleased to have raised a mob to kidnap or kill him; but they had been thwarted, and they were powerless.

Joseph told his lawyers that Nauvoo was the nearest place where writs of *habeas corpus* could be heard and determined. This power was granted unto the Municipal Court of Nauvoo in the charter given by the State Legislature. The lawyers examined the subject, and decided he was correct. They turned their steps towards Nauvoo, which gladdened Joseph very much. Once there and he felt that he would be among his friends and safe. He sent a messenger to Nauvoo to inform the people of this change, the news of which was received with great pleasure by them.

This was on the 29th of June, 1843. On the next day the Nauvoo Brass and Martial Bands, and Joseph's wife—who had proceeded to Nauvoo after his arrest—his brother Hyrum, and a number of the principal inhabitants in carriages, started to meet him. By the time the company met Joseph it had swelled to a considerable size, and with the company that was with him (one hundred and forty men on horseback) the procession became an imposing one. When the company from the city came up, Joseph said he thought he would ride a little easier, and he got out of the buggy in which he had been riding. He embraced his wife and his brother Hyrum, who shed tears of joy at his return; and in this they were not alone, the most of the great company did the same. Joseph mounted his favorite horse, "Old Charley," which had been brought out to meet him, the band struck up "Hail Columbia," and the procession marched towards the city.

The situation was a novel one. Joseph was a prisoner in the hands of Reynolds, the agent of Missouri, and Wilson, his assistant. They were prisoners in the hands of Sheriff Campbell, who had delivered Joseph and them into the hands of Colonel Markham, and they were all guarded by the brethren from Nauvoo, so that none of them could escape. But Joseph did not go into Nauvoo as a prisoner. His march was like that of a conqueror. The scene was an exceedingly interesting one. As the procession neared the city the streets were lined on both sides with the people, whose faces beamed with joy at seeing their beloved prophet and leader once more safe. Amid their cheers, the firing of cannons and the most intense enthusiasm Joseph marched into the city. So great was the eagerness to see him and get close to him that it required a number of men to keep the streets open for the procession to pass. Joseph's mother was at his house awaiting his arrival, and tears of joy rolled down her aged cheeks as she beheld and embraced her beloved son, and welcomed him once more in safety from the hands of his enemies.

Joseph's friends who had come with him from Dixon beheld these scenes with astonishment. They had never seen such a sight. They had heard him called an impostor and false prophet, and that he was a tyrant, seeking to enslave his followers, and to get power and riches at their expense. But these exhibitions of love and devotedness, which they saw extended on all hands towards him, could not be the tribute which a people in free America brought and laid at the feet of one who had deceived and oppressed them. It was not fraud and violence, deception and wrong that called forth such manifestations as these. The people's best earthly friend, their affectionate father, guide and counselor had been preserved from threatening and serious danger, and had been brought back to them again, and the pent-up feelings of their hearts, broke forth with a power which almost surprised themselves; for they scarcely knew the depth of their own feelings and the strength of their attachment towards him. It required an extraordinary occasion like the present, when he whom they loved had just escaped a great peril, to make them fully conscious of how near he was to them.

The multitude seemed unwilling to disperse without hearing his voice. So he climbed the fence, and told them that he was out of the hands of the Missourians again, for which he thanked God; and he thanked them for all their kindness and love to him and blessed them in the name of the Lord. He then told them that he should address them at the grove, near the Temple, at four o'clock that afternoon.

Joseph took a course to heap coals of fire upon the heads of his enemies. At dinner there were about fifty of his friends present, and he placed Reynolds and Wilson at the head of the table, and they were served, with the best that he had, by his wife, whom they had so cruelly refused to allow Joseph to see when they arrested him. If they were capable of feeling shame, they must have felt it then. Men with any feeling of honor or sensibility would have been overwhelmed with confusion and remorse in their position, and would never have rested until they made all the amends in their power. But a man might as well hope to bring wolves and tigers to a sense of wrong doing, or of shame, as to make these men have any feelings of compunction and sorrow for their outrageous and barbarous conduct. Their hearts were like stone, incapable of any humane and kindly feeling, and if they could have had Joseph in their power they would have treated him as badly as ever.

(To be Continued.)

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

O the youth of this Territory ever seriously think of the many things for which they have cause to be thankful? Do they reflect on the variety of ways in which they are highly favored? For they are highly favored in many respects, much more so than their parents were in their younger days.

The parents were born in lands far distant from this, and, after hearing the gospel and accepting it, they found that it was their duty to leave the lands of their birth, break up their business, sell their property, bid adieu to their relatives, friends and acquaintances, and gather in this part of the world, where they might be more free to build up the kingdom of God in a manner that would be acceptable to Him.

Most of the children who reside here were born in this part of the country. It is their native place, and on that account it possesses many strong attractions for them which other places do not. The children are not called, as their parents were, to sever their dearest natural ties and to go forth to a far country and establish themselves. They are born in that part of the world where the Lord wishes them to be, and, as the land of their nativity, it is endeared to them much more than it can be naturally to the parents. It is a great trial to many people to leave their native land forever, where all their early associations were formed and enjoyed for many years, travel thousands of miles with scanty means, and cast their lot in another land, where, perhaps, they have no relatives and few if any acquaintances. Nothing but the highest religious motives would cause many people to do this. Yet all this the parents in this community have had to do; but the same necessity is not laid upon the children, and in this they are more highly favored than many of them are aware.

In those parts of the world where the parents were brought up there were very few people who had obeyed the gospel, or were willing to receive it, but many of them hated it and those who accepted it, without any good reason. They spoke evil of them falsely, and tried in many ways to do them injury. The children here are not subject to this treatment a hundredth part as much as their parents were. Being mostly born of parents who have obeyed the gospel and who are engaged in building up the kingdom of God, the children have every encouragement to obey the gospel and engage in the same good work as their parents are engaged in. The children have not half the trials to endure, not half the unpleasant things to discourage them, that the parents had, and they should consider themselves greatly favored in this, and try to become better men and women than their parents are.

Many of the parents were not taught the principles of the gospel when they were young, but had to wait until they heard the same from a servant of God sent unto them from a far country. The children hear the sound of the gospel from

their infancy, and are taught its principles by their parents and friends from youth up. In this the advantages of the youth are much greater than those of their parents were in their youth.

The parents have been endeavoring for many years to keep the commandments of the Lord, to do that which is right before Him, to abstain from all evil ways, to refrain from the filthy habits of smoking and chewing tobacco, or drinking strong drinks, whereby they would lose their rightful faculties in a greater or less degree. This is a great advantage to the youth if they knew it, as, being taught perfectly, both by precept and example, it would be much easier for them than for their parents to adopt good habits in all these particulars, because many of the parents have had to break themselves of various bad habits which they had contracted through the bad teaching and bad company with which they had met in the early part of their lives. The children have had the advantage of being brought up where those bad habits do not prevail, and consequently they need not find it hard to adopt the good habits of their parents and their friends.

In all these things and many others the children are much more happily situated than most of their parents were. We hope these few hints will set young people to thinking on these important matters, and lead them to properly prize the privileges which are theirs to enjoy.

THE HAIR SNAKES.—The idea that the hair snakes come from hairs thrown into water, is much more universal than you may suppose. It was only the other day that a lady said: "You needn't tell me that it isn't so, because I've pulled hairs out of my own head and put them in water, and have seen them turn into snakes before my own eyes."

She might have seen the hairs move with the motion of the water, and so made up her mind that they must have turned to snakes. You may feel very sure, however, that no hair put into water ever became a snake. In fact the so-called hair-snake is only a worm. You will find it at certain seasons of the year in small pools of water, and even on wet or damp cabbages.

Examine one through a microscope and you will see that it has little rings around its long, slender body. It is what scientific books call an annulated worm.

There is one very strange thing about these creatures; they are never still, but constantly wriggling about. Neither do they stretch themselves to their full length when on the ground, but curl themselves up in some way or other.

You have seen an ordinary earth worm crawling into his hole, and have noticed that he pulls his body in almost a straight line; but when the hair worm creeps, his body is generally in the form of a semi-circle.

You remember the notices in the papers about a great "shower of snakes" in Memphis, Tenn., about two years since. These were our hair worms; and, as they were found only in one place in the city, scientific men thought that the heavy storm must have blown and washed them from some neighboring pool or garden.

For such little fellows they seem to be just crowded with life, it being comparatively difficult to kill them when in water.

THAT which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.

THE HERON.

HERE we have a very pretty picture of a Heron feeding her young ones. The mother has succeeded in capturing a fish, and she is in the act of disgorging it for the benefit of her voracious brood.

The breeding places are usually in the vicinity of rivers, in low, marshy swamps, affording concealment. Coues says:

ducing as a graphic description of the habits of these birds.

The great blue Heron, or "blue crane," as it is commonly called, has been alluded to before in the INSTRUCTOR, as a bird found in this region. Its nest is a large bed of twigs, more or less matted together with grasses and weeds. The eggs are about two-and-a-half inches long by one-and-a-half in width. The color is a pale, dull, greenish blue. The bird itself is readily recognized by its great height, its dignified



"Where the river flows deepest and swiftest cutting its way through bold canyons that rise frowning on either hand like the battlements of giant castles—where the fervid rays of the sun heat the rocks till they almost crack, and the sand blisters the feet—there the Herons fix their nests, overhanging the element whence they draw subsistence."

This is a very sensible thing for the Herons to do; and, as it will apply to the Heron family in general, it is worth repro-

ducing and bright blue color. It is a beautiful bird.

We have several varieties of Heron in this region, and a word of caution may be given to those who happen to be unacquainted with their habits. If approached by any person either when wounded or in captivity they are very apt to peck at his face, and especially at his eyes. Several persons in our Territory have been almost or quite deprived of their eyesight by incautiously handling these birds. All the Herons are

dangerous in this respect. One very pretty bird belonging to this family, a variety of egret, was presented to the Deseret Museum by Mr. J. L. Townsend, a naturalist of considerable ability. The egret is a true Heron, possessing long plumes (aigrettes) such as may be seen in the engraving. The Herons vary much in their plumage at different times of the year. Some of them, at the breeding season, are adorned with magnificent crests and tail feathers, some of which are much sought after for purposes of adornment as head dresses and plumes.

The flesh of the Heron was formerly, throughout Europe, esteemed a delicacy, and in the days of falconry it was one of the principal objects of the chase. The laws of England at that period prohibited the killing or taking of this bird by any other means than hawking or with the long-bow.

We are not aware of the Herons of our country ever being used for food, and where they are killed it is for mere wanton sport.

SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

BY J. L. BARFOOT.

BETWEEN PRECEPTOR AND PUPIL.

PUPIL.—From your remarks about the great truths revealed to man in primitive times through Abraham, and in these days by Joseph Smith, I formed the opinion that the prophet Joseph did not understand the full import of the revelation made known to him. Did you intend me to understand that such was the case? There could be no mistake in the spirit of prophecy!

PRECEPTOR.—I am glad to find you so jealous for the reputation of this truly great man—the restorer of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ—and will endeavor to show you that this in no way impairs the veracity of Joseph Smith, or diminishes anything from the value of his testimony. Volumes might be written to show that the prophet Joseph was inspired by the spirit of truth, but I will only direct your attention now to one feature of his mission as a prophet: all his administrations were in fulfillment of ancient prophecies. As to his not understanding all the truth of his own utterances as a prophet, this is another feature of the true spirit of prophecy both in ancient and modern times. The spirit of revelation makes known the purposes of God—something to be done, and which, when accomplished, will verify the prediction. You read carefully that part of the revelation given to Joseph in June, 1829, about the Twelve Apostles; read what was done in 1835, when they were called and ordained; read the history of the doings of the Twelve, and remember all this was written before anything was accomplished. Read the clause: “I, Jesus Christ, your Lord and your God, have spoken it.” No wonder that the full import of the words should not have been known, they are even yet not accomplished in full. The advocates and believers in the “new phase of thought,” the topic of our former conversation, do not try to obtain the spirit of revelation from Jesus Christ. They aim at proving that there is no such being. They boast of and claim revelations from the exact sciences to prove the truth of their assumptions, and then begin by denying God, the soul, a future life, moral responsibility and conscience, the very things which distinguish man from the brute creation! I want you to distinguish between science, falsely so called, and that which is in harmony with revelation. All correct

science is part of the great system of truth, the scheme of creation, and interwoven with the gospel of salvation.

PUPIL.—Do you think, sir, there is anything wrong in my making myself acquainted with the principles of science?

PRECEPTOR.—There is nothing wrong in making yourself thoroughly acquainted with scientific ideas, but you must be sure they are such. One very popular writer says: “Science is organized common sense.” And yet this gentleman ridicules the idea that the soul survives the body. He says in another place: “the conclusion that a man’s consciousness survives the body is an unproved doctrine about body and mind.” And that “such a conclusion can be at best, in the present state of our knowledge, a hope, a conjecture, an aspiration; it can have no claim to be regarded as a known fact.” Now common sense tells us all that we cannot know these things experimentally unless we die and are resurrected; we may receive the evidence of others, or we may receive as evidence the universal desires of humanity for such “hope, conjecture, and aspiration” as find a place in every human heart that is not steeled against the reception of the only kind of testimony that can be given to us in the nature of things. And then this writer insists upon it that “those who hold it (the doctrine of the resurrection) may think it highly probable, they may strongly desire it should be true, they may expect that better evidence will shortly be forthcoming, but they cannot be justified in teaching it to little children as a known fact.” This kind of science, metaphrased into the common dialect of “organized common sense,” means: we are not justified in teaching the truth of the doctrine of the resurrection to our children because we have not verified it by having passed through death, and been resurrected!

A WALK ON BOSTON COMMON.

BY B. F. C., JR.

WOULD the little readers of the INSTRUCTOR like to take a walk with me in a famous pleasure park? Very well, if they do, let them just imagine that they are in the great city of Boston, a city which is celebrated for its learning, refinement and art.

We will imagine that we have been riding in the cars five days and five nights from Ogden, and have just arrived in Boston. It takes that time to make the trip.

“To-o-o-t,” sounds the whistle, “ding dong, ding dong,” goes the bell.

“Swi-sh-sh-sh,” hisses the escaping steam, as the train rolls into the depot, a great building nearly as long as the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City.

We step off the car to the platform, and find ourselves in a rushing, bustling, hurrying crowd, with a great variety of bewildering sounds and noises greeting our ears.

“Shine yer boots; only five cents!” shouts half a dozen boot-blacks in chorus, a chorus, however, which has never been set to music.

“E-r-a-l-d, five er’clock!” shouts a newsboy at our elbow. He means that he has for sale the five o’clock edition of the *Herald*, a leading newspaper.

“Ack?” “Right this way for a carriage!” shout a long row of hackmen from behind an iron railing, where they are required to remain, so as not to be in the way of passengers.

We think we will not take a carriage, but will walk to a hotel, so as to see the sights.

We are hurried along with the crowd out into the street, which is but three or four rods wide, and crowded with vehicles of every description. We do not know which way to go, and pause a moment on the thronged side walk, to take our bearings, but in vain. And so we rush on a square or two till we meet a man dressed in blue. He is a police officer. We ask him which way to go, naming the hotel at which we design stopping. He gives us brief but explicit directions, and we move on, pausing occasionally to view the many sights that meet the eye.

Good gracious! how crooked the streets are! We have come to the end of the one we were on and can see half a dozen others leading in different directions, some wide, some narrow, some very crooked indeed, some not so crooked, but none of them straight for a very long distance. We feel bewildered, but we espy another policeman, and he soon puts us right. At last we reach the hotel, feeling quite relieved. We write our names in the hotel register, a polite porter takes our baggage to our room, and the bell boy leads us up stairs to it. As it was dark when the train came in we will wait till morning to take our walk.

The sun is bright and the air clear as we leave the hotel in the morning. Now we are in Washington Street, the Broadway of Boston. Now we pass up Brattle Street to Tremont, and find ourselves near a great church, called Park Street Church. Near this church is an entrance to the "Common."

Boston Common is a tract of land as large as a great farm, lying in the heart of the city. Large sums of money are annually expended on it to keep it in order. There are beautiful graveled or sanded walks, leading under rows of trees planted so thickly as to resemble a forest. A neatly mown, velvet-like turf covers the surface. Hundreds of little sparrows flit through the trees and alight on the ground, seeming to have no fear of us. Pretty little wooden houses, about a foot square, are placed in the trees for the sparrows to live in.

We pass through the Park Street entrance and find ourselves inside of an iron fence, on a broad, smooth walk, covered with coarse sand. We walk on a few rods when we come to a confectionery stand. We buy some candy or some nuts and pass on. Now we come to a queer looking thing. It is a chair suspended from some poles that are set up like the frame of an Indian wick-e-up. The chair is suspended from the hook of a weighing apparatus. "Only two cents!" says the man who owns the strange-looking thing, "Only two cents to tell how much you weigh!" We see now what the thing is for. It is to weigh people. One of us pays the man two cents and takes a seat in the chair. It feels like sitting in a swing. A hand and dial tell the number of pounds. After being weighed we pass on to a man who stands near a large telescope, mounted on three legs. He is saying that for ten cents any person may look through the telescope at the sun; and they may also look through several mounted microscopes at a human hair, a drop of marsh water, a drop of human blood, etc. We pay ten cents, the man adjusts the telescope, and we take a peep at old Sol. Then we look through the first microscope at a human hair, on the end of which is the little bulb, just as it was pulled from the scalp. The hair and bulb look as large as a small onion. We then take a peep at a drop of water taken from a salt marsh near the sea shore. O, what queer little creatures we see sporting about in the single drop of water! They seem to have plenty of room, too. There are several different kinds of animals that would be hard to describe. The largest appears to be

the size of a small fly, but it does not look like a fly. It looks rather more like a small tadpole. It has a tail like a tadpole's, which wiggles very fast, and it seems to have but one eye, which is placed in the centre of its head. It is a very lively little creature, and is called a cyclop. We then look through the next microscope at a drop of human blood. We can see, in the red fluid, a great many little balls or globules.

Having looked in all the microscopes we pass on. Next we see a man who is surrounded by a crowd of boys. He is winding a string around something. Is he winding up a top? No; it is not a top. Now he holds the thing in his hand, and gives a strong pull at the cord which he has been winding it up with, and whiz-z-z hum-m she goes, and look! up higher than the trees flies something that looks like a wheel made of tin. Now it comes down close to the man who sends it up. Now he asks the crowd to buy one of the curious toys. He calls them "shooting stars." We walk on following beautiful, broad graveled walks, shaded by rows of tall elm trees. We pass a man with a stand, on which is a bucket full of lemonade, labeled "two cents a glass," a number of apple, peanut and candy stands, and at length we see a beautiful little wagon drawn by a goat. A boy who owns this funny outfit tells us we may ride one at a time, across the common, for five cents. One of us gets in and away the goat runs with the wagon, jingling the bells attached to its harness, making the rest of us run to keep up. We then wander on, following winding paths, seeing notices at every turn to "keep off the grass," with which the ground is carpeted. At length we find ourselves at the side of the common opposite the gate at which we entered, and near the entrance to the public gardens, which are separated from the Common by a street. We retrace our steps, though by different paths, and on our way back we see a man who owns a stand on which is placed an electric machine. He says that we may try how strong a current we can stand, for five cents. We pay the five cents and take hold of two handles. The man starts the current and we feel a very queer, prickling sensation in our arms and hands. He makes the current stronger. Our hands shake very much, and we can't keep them steady. He makes the current still stronger, and it begins to convulse our bodies, till we tell the man to stop. He shuts off the current, and we feel all right. A hand and dial tell how strong the current was.

Next we see a man with a machine, on a table, which he calls "a lung test." We pay him three cents, and he lets us try the strength of our lungs. This is done by blowing, as hard as ever we can, through a tube. A hand and dial tell the pressure of air in the machine, and thus indicate the strength of our lungs.

At length, having had a very pleasant walk, in a very beautiful park, during which we have learned several lessons in science, practically applied, we find ourselves near an entrance opening into Tremont Street, and from there we take a street car to our hotel.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little as to be incapable of giving and receiving benefits.

PROFANITY never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society; it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

Curiosities in Human Food.

AMONG THE ABYSSINIANS

THE food and manner of eating it in Abyssinia are described by Mr. Wood, in his 'Uncivilized Races of Men,' as follows:

The 'staff of life' is prepared in Abyssinia much after the same fashion as in other parts of Africa, the grain being ground between two stones, and then made into a sort of very thin paste, about the consistency of gruel. This paste is allowed to remain in a jar for a day and night in order to become sour, and is then taken to the oven. This is a very curious article, being a slab of earthenware in which a concave hollow is made, and furnished with a small cover of the same material. A fire is made beneath the oven, or 'magogo,' as it is termed, and when it is hot the baker, who is always a woman, proceeds to work.

"She first rubs the hollow with an oily seed, in order to prevent the bread from adhering to it, and then with a gourd ladle takes some of the thin dough from the jar. The gourd holds exactly enough to make one loaf, or rather cake. With a rapid movement the woman spreads the dough over the entire hollow, and then puts on the cover. In two or three minutes it is removed, and the bread is peeled off in one flat circular piece, some eighteen inches in width, and about the eight of an inch in thickness. This bread, called 'teff,' is the ordinary diet of an Abyssinian. It is very sour, very soft, and very spongy, and requires an experienced palate to appreciate it. There are several other kinds of bread, but the teff is that which is most valued.

"As to the meat diet of the Abyssinians, it may be roughly divided into cooked and uncooked meat. Cooked meat is usually prepared from the least valued parts of the animal. It is cut up into little pieces, and stewed in a pot, together with other ingredients, a considerable quantity of butter, and such an amount of capicum pods that the whole mess is of a light red color, and a drop of it leaves a red stain on any garment on which it may happen to fall. This paste is called 'dillikh,' and is made by grinding together a quantity of capicum pods and an equal amount of onions, to which are added ginger, salt, black pepper, and other herbs, according to the taste of the preparer. The poorer class, who cannot afford meat, can still make dillikh paste, and live almost entirely on teff, clotted milk, and dillikh.

"But the great treat for an Abyssinian epicure is the 'broundo,' or raw meat. Not an Abyssinian will eat any animal which has incisor teeth in its upper jaw, and, like the Jews, they even reject the camel, because it has not a cloven hoof.

"According to the account given by Bruce, when a dinner party is assembled, a cow is brought to the door of the house, bound, flung down, and a few drops of its blood poured on the ground in order to save the letter of the Mosaic law. The butchers then cut large strips of meat from the poor beast, taking care to avoid the vital parts and larger vessels, and managing so as to remove the flesh without much effusion of blood.

"The still warm flesh is taken within the house, where it is sliced into strips by the men, and handed to the women who sit by their side. The women cut it up into small squares, lay it on the 'teff' bread, season it plentifully with the dillikh paste, roll it up into balls, and push the balls into the mouth of their companion, who eats until he is satisfied, and then

reciprocates the attention by making up a couple of similar balls, and putting them into the mouths of the women. Mead and tedge are then consumed as largely as the meat.

"Mansfield Parkyns, who lived so long with the Abyssinians, dressed like them, fed like them, and accommodated himself in most respects to their mode of life, found that meat was always, if possible, eaten in the raw state, only the inferior qualities being made fit for consumption by cookery. His description of the mode of eating tallies exactly with that of Bruce. The meat is always brought to the consumer while still warm and quivering with life, as it becomes tough and stringy when suffered to become cold. Each guest is furnished with plenty of teff and the invariable pepper sauce. His fingers take the place of a fork, and his sword or shotel, does duty for a knife. Holding the broundo in his left hand, he takes into his capacious mouth as much as it can accommodate, and then, with an adroit upward stroke of the sword, severs the piece of meat, and just contrives to avoid cutting off his nose. He alternates the pieces of meat with teff and dillikh, and, when he has finished, refreshes himself copiously with drink.

"Mr. Parkyns, found that he soon became accustomed to the taste of raw meat, and learned how to prefer one part of an animal to another. He discovered that a very good imitation of an oyster could be made by chopping up a sheep's liver very fine, and seasoning it with pepper, vinegar, and a little salt provided that the consumer shut his eyes while eating it. He even learned to appreciate a dish called chogera, which seems to be about the very acme of abomination. It consists of the liver and stomach chopped up fine, mixed with a little of the half-digested grass found in the stomach, flavored with the contents of the gall bladder, plentifully seasoned with pepper, salt, and onions, and eaten uncooked.

"An Abyssinian's digestion is marvelous, and almost rivals that of a pike, which will digest half of a fish in its stomach while the other half is protruding from its mouth. He will go to any number of feasts in a day, and bring a fine fresh appetite to each of them, consuming at a meal a quantity that would suffice for seven or eight hungry Englishmen."

A DIALOGUE,

Between a Gentile Gentleman and a "Mormon" Boy.

GENTILE GENTLEMAN "So you are a Mormon, are you, my boy?"

"MORMON" BOY "I am, sir."

G. G.—"How is that?"

M. B.—"My parents are 'Mormons,' as you call them, and they taught me their religion, which some people call 'Mormonism.'"

G. G.—"Is not that the proper name of it?"

M. B.—"No, sir. That is a sort of nickname, or name of ridicule, given in derision by unfriendly people."

G. G.—"Well, what do you call your religion?"

M. B.—"I call it the religion of Jesus Christ, as my parents do."

G. G.—"Why, do you believe in Jesus Christ?"

M. B.—"Certainly I do. So do my father and mother, and all other people ought to do so."

G. G.—"Why?"

M. B.—"Because the religion of Jesus Christ is the only true religion. As the Bible says, there is no name given under heaven whereby men can be saved, only that of Jesus Christ."

G. G.—"Do you believe in the Bible?"

M. B.—"Yes, sir."

G. G.—“Do you read it?”
 M. B.—“O, yes, sir. I read it at home and at the Sunday school.”
 G. G.—“Do you go to the Sunday school?”
 M. B.—“Yes, sir, every Sunday morning.”
 G. G.—“Do you like to go there?”
 M. B.—“Yes, sir.”
 G. G.—“Why?”
 M. B.—“Because I am taught the word of God there, and told what is my duty towards Him and towards my parents and all other people.”
 G. G.—“Why do people call you and others of your religion ‘Mormons?’”
 M. B.—“From the Book of Mormon, which was so called because it was mostly written by a man whose name was Mormon.”
 G. G.—“Where did he live?”
 M. B.—“On this continent of North America.”
 G. G.—“When?”
 M. B.—“About 1400 years ago.”
 G. G.—“Who was he?”
 M. B.—“He was a servant of God, and a prophet.”
 G. G.—“What does the Book of Mormon contain?”
 M. B.—“It is a short history of the ancient inhabitants of America, and of God’s dealings with them.”
 G. G.—“Do you mean the forefathers of the Indians?”
 M. B.—“Yes, sir.”
 G. G.—“Did the Lord reveal His will to them?”
 M. B.—“Yes, sir. At different times in their history He called and sent prophets among them to teach them His will.”
 G. G.—“Did they receive the prophets and their message?”
 M. B.—“Sometimes they did, and would become a good and great and happy people. Sometimes they did not, and then they fell into darkness and sin, until they became filled with all manner of wickedness, doing that which was evil continually, like some people do now. Then the Lord would withdraw His spirit from them and leave them to their own evil doings, until they either quarreled and destroyed one another, or they were wasted away by the judgments which God permitted to come upon them.”
 G. G.—“Did those people know anything about Jesus Christ?”
 M. B.—“Yes, sir. Their prophets spoke of Him hundreds of years before He came upon this earth in the flesh. After His resurrection He appeared to people in America and appointed twelve apostles, and instructed them to teach the people and build up His church on this continent.”
 G. G.—“How late a date does the history of these people in the book of Mormon come down to?”
 M. B.—“It comes down to a little more than four hundred years after Christ.”
 G. G.—“Why does it not come down to a later date?”
 M. B.—“Because by that time most of the people on this continent had become very wicked and were engaged in continual wars with each other. So the prophet Mormon, instructed by the Lord, made a brief history of the people from the earliest times, and his son Moroni hid it in the earth, to come forth again by direction of the Lord in the latter days.”
 G. G.—“Well, how did this history come forth again?”
 M. B.—“The Lord revealed to Joseph Smith the place where it was hid, and instructed him to procure it.”
 G. G.—“How was this record, or history, made?”
 M. B.—“It was engraved on thin metallic plates, in a language not known at the time Joseph Smith obtained them.”
 G. G.—“Where were these plates hid?”
 M. B.—“In the State of New York.”
 G. G.—“When did Joseph Smith obtain them?”
 M. B.—“Between fifty and sixty years ago.”
 G. G.—“What did he do with them?”
 M. B.—“He translated the contents of part of them, by the power of God, and those contents constitute the Book of Mormon.”
 G. G.—“What did he do with the plates after he had translated them?”

M. B.—“He gave them to an angel of the Lord, who appeared to him.”

G. G.—“Does the Book of Mormon teach the same doctrine that is contained in the Bible?”

M. B.—“Yes, sir.”

G. G.—“Well, this is a very extraordinary story, and I must inquire further about it at another time. I will bid you good morning, now.”

M. B.—“Good morning, sir.”

Chapter for the Little Ones.

A SONG.

[TUNE “*Champagne Charlie.*”]

God has an ear for all we say,
 In the night and in the day;
 When it’s dark, and when it’s light,
 We are ev-er in His sight.

Oh, how good we ought to be,
 And from evil ev-er free;
 Pray to God to make us good;
 Thank Him for our dai-ly food:

Nev-er smoke or use strong drink;
 Nev-er any evil think;
 Fer-vent be in dai-ly pray-er;
 Sab-bath break-ing nev-er dare;

Nev-er steal, or lie, or swear,
 Nor our books or cloth-ing tear;
 When we play, be kind and meek;
 No bad words be heard to speak;

Nev-er be with bad folks seen;
 Keep our-selves and cloth-ing clean;
 Nev-er quar-rel, nev-er fight;
 Al-ways say and do what’s right;

Try and keep our bod-ies pure;
 Let no evil ways al-lure;
 Faith-ful to the truth re-main,
 Then e-ter-nal lives we’ll gain.

YAM.

MANY persons consider themselves friendly when they are only officious; they counsel not so much that you may become wise, as that they may be known as teachers of wisdom.

DEAL GENTLY.

MUSIC BY L. D. EDWARDS.

1. Think gen - tly of the er - ring one! O, let us not for - get, How - ev - er darkly
 2. Speak gen - tly of the er - ring ones! We yet may lead them back, With ho - ly words, and

stained by sin, He is our brother yet! Heir of the same in - her - it - ance, Child
 tones of love, From misery's thorn - y track. For - get not, brother, thou hast sinned, And

of the self - same God, He hath but stumbled in the path We have in weakness trod.
 sin - ful yet may be; Deal gently with the erring heart, As God hath dealt with thee.

ENIGMA.

WITHOUT my aid, no house could exist; the home would be destitute without my presence; the State I have no connection with, but the Church is doubly indebted to me; I am always in the company of the wealthy, but the poor I never visit; I run with the hare and hold with the hounds; I hold no connection with man or woman, but am always the companion of children; as they advance in years I leave them, never to return, until death seeks my aid; I hold a prominent position in a ship, but the sailor knows me not; like a good child, I always tell the truth, and in all cases of honor I am always to be found, yet, strange to say, without my aid no theft could be committed. You, dear reader, be careful not to offend me, for, without my assistance, you would not have a head on your shoulders. Should you ever take the trouble to look for me, seek me in heaven, for in this world never will you find me.

THE answer to the first Charade published in No. 1 is GREAT SALT LAKE. We have received correct solutions from John Walton, Isabella Walton, Mill Creek; J. Colledge, Lehi; L. D. Watson, Parowan; James Leatham, Jr., Josiah Burrows, Salt Lake city. The answer to the second is MORONI. We have received correct solutions from John Walton, Isabella Walton, Mill Creek; L. D. Watson, Parowan; J. Colledge, Lehi; Anna R. Keller, Manti; Jas. Leatham, Jr., Josiah Burrows, Martin Christophersen, Saml. E. Baxter, Salt Lake City. The sequel of the Puzzle is, THE MAN WAS BORN ON THE 29TH OF FEBRUARY. We have received correct solutions from L. D. Watson, Parowan; James Leatham, Jr., Salt Lake City.

THERE are truths which some men despise because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise them.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FISH.—A most interesting discovery has been made in the sea of Tiberias of a fish which incubates its young in the cavities of the mouth; and, what is the more remarkable, it is the male which performs this part of the family function. As soon as the female has deposited its eggs in the hollow of the saud, the male approaches and draws them into the cavities of the mouth by the process of aspiration. Here they are distributed between the leaves of the gills; and in the midst of the respiratory organs the eggs rapidly develop, distending the mouth of the male fish in the most extraordinary manner. Finally the young fish make their appearance, packed in the gills like so many herrings, all with their heads directed towards the opening. From this place of retreat and safety they run in and out until they are large enough to take care of themselves. It is said that as many as two hundred individuals are sometimes crowded into the mouth and gills of the male fish.

THE man who will not work, and has no means of intellectual pleasure, is as sure to become an instrument of evil as if he had sold himself bodily to Satan.

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